

The temple of glas.

f Or thought constreint & greuous heynes
For persifted and high distress
To bed? I went now this other nyght
Whan that lucina With hir pale light
Was Joyned? last With phebys in aquarpe
Amyd? decembre, Whan of Januarpe
Ther be kalendes of the new yere
And? derk dyane horned? and? nothing? clere
Had? her beames Under a mysty cloude
With in my bed? for cold? I gan me shroude
Al desolate for constraynt of my woo
The long? nyght Walowyn? to and? fro
Til at laste er I began take kepe
Me dyde oppresse a sodeyn dedly slepe
With in the whiche me thought I was
Rauysst? in spiryte in to a temple of glas
I nyfte hold fer in Wildernes
That founded? Was as by liklynes
Not vpon stele, but on a craggy roche
Lyke yse y froze, and? as I did? approche
Agayn the sonne that shone so clere



As ony Cristall ande ever ner ande ner
As I am nygh this grisly dreadful place
I Wex astonpede the light so in my face
He gan to smyte so persing ever in one
On every part Wher that I gan gone
That I ne might no thing as I Wolde
About me considere ande beholde
The Wonder estres for brightnes of the some
Til atte last certayn skyes dome
With Wynde chasede han her cours y Went
To fore the streemes of titan ande y blent
So that I mighte With in ande With oute
Wherso I Wolde beholde me aboute
For to reporte the facon ande manere
Of all this place that Was circular
In compas Wyse rounde by entayle Brought
Ande Whan I had longe gone ande sought
I founde a Wicket ande entred in as fast
In to the temple ande myn eyen cast
On every syde now lowe eft alofte
Ande right anon as I gan Walken softe
Of I the soth a right reporte shal
I salbe depeynted upon a Wal

From este to Weste many a fair ymage
Of sondry louers lyke as they were of age
Y sette in orde after they were trelde
With liuely colours wonder fresh of hue
And as me thought I sawe som sitte & som stāde
And some knelyng With billes in their hande
And some With compleynt Woful & pietous
With doleful chere to putten to Venus
So as she sat fleetynge in the see
Upon her woo forto haue pitee
And first of alle I saugh there of cartage
Widd the quene so goodly of visage
That gan compleyne hir auenture and as
How she deceyued Was of Eneas
For al his bestis and his othes sworn
And said alas that euer she was born
Whan she sawe that ded she must be
And next I sawe the compleynt of Medee
How that she falsed Was of Jason
And nygh by Venus sawe I sitte atkeon
And al the maner how the hooe hym slough
For Whom she wepte and had pyne ynough
Ther saw I also how that penelope

For she so longe her lord ne mighte see
Was of colour both pale and grene
And alter next was the fresh quene
I mene alceste the noble trewe Wyf
And for admete hou she lost her lif
And for her trowth yf I shal not lye
How she was torned in to a dayse
Ther was Grisildes Innocence
And al her mekenes and pacience
There was eke Iode & many other moo
And al the torment and the cruel woo
That she had for tristram al her lyue
And how that Tisse her hert dyde ryue
With thilk swerd of sir Piramus
And al the maner hou that Theseus
The mynotaure slaw amyd the hous
That was forwrynked by crafte of dedalus
Whan he was in pryson shyt in Crete
And how that philles felte of loues hete
The grette fyre of demophon allas
And for his falsshed and for his trespass
Upon the Walles depeynt men might see
How she henge vpon a fylberd tree

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And many a story moo than I rekene can
Were in the temple, and how that paris was
The fayr Eleyne a lusty fresh quene
And how Achilles was for Polixene
Y slayn vnbarly withyn Troye town
Al this sake I walkyng sp and down
Ther salbe I wretton eke the hole tale
How Philomene in to a nyghtyngale
Y torneyd was, and proigne vnto a swalowe
And how the sabyne in their maner halowe
The feste of lucesse yet in Rome town
Ther salbe I also the sorow of Palamon
That he in prison felte and al the smert
And how that he thurgh vnto his hert
Was hurt vnbarly by castyng of an eye
On faire fresh the lusty yong Emelye
And al the stryf bytweene hym & his brother
And how that one faught with that other
Withyn the groue, til they by Theseus
Accorded were as Chaucer telleth vs
And furthermore as I gan beholde
I salbe how plebus with an arrowe of golde
Y wounded was thurgh out his syde

Only by enuye of the godd Cuppide
And how that dyane vnto a laurer tre
Worshipped Was Whan that she did fle
And how that Ioue changed his cope
Only for loue of the faire Europe
And in to a hole Whan he did he sue
Liste of his godhed his fourme to transmue
And how that he by transmutacion
The shap gan take of Amphitryon
For Alcmene so passing Was of beaute
So Was he hurt for al his depte
With louys dart and might it not escape
The salbe I also how mars Was take
Of Vulcanus and With Venus founde
And With the cheynes Inuysible bounde
The Was also al the pesse
Of hym Mercurie and al the philogye
And how that she for her sapience
Wedded Was to the godd of eloquence
And how the Muses lowly did obeie
High in to heuyn this lady to conueie
And With her songe how she Was magnified
With Iubiter there to be stelled

And? yppermore depeynt men might see
How With her ryng the goodly canace
Of euery folle, the leydonis and? songe
Coude vnderstonde as she Walked them among
And? how her brother so often holpen Was
In his myschief, by the stede of bras
And? furthermore in the temple Were
Ful many a thousand? louers here & there
In sondry Wyse redy to compleyne
Vnto the goddesse, of her woo and? payne
How they Were hyndred? som for enuye
And? how the serpent of fals Jelousie
Ful many a louer hath put a back
And? causeles on them haue leidy a lack
And? some ther Were that playned? on absence
That Were exiled? and? put out of presence
Thurgh Wicked? tinges and? fals suspencion
Withoute mercy or ony remission
And? other eke her scrupse spent in heyn
And? of her lady Were not loued? ageyn
And? other eke that for pouerte
Dursten in no Wyse her grete aduersite
Discouere ne opene, lest they Were refused?

And some for Wantynge also Were accused
And other eke that loued secretly
And of her lady durst aye no mercy
Lest that she wolde of hym haue despyte
And some also that putten right grete Wite
Ou double louers that loue thinges newe
Thurgh whos falsenes hyndred be the trewe
And som there Were as hit is ofte founde
That for her lady many a bloody Wounde
Endured hath in many a region
Whiles that an other hath had possession
Al of his lady and bereth a Way the fruyt
Of his labour and of all his fuyt
And other compleyned of richesse
How he With tresour doth his besynesse
To Wyne agaynst al kynde and right
Where as true louers haue force none ne might
And som ther Were as maydyns pong of age
That pleyneeth so With pypynge & With rage
That Were coupled agayn al nature
With croked elde that may not longe endure
For to perfourme the lust of lous playe
For hit ne fit not vnto fresch maye

For to be coupled to olde Januarie
They be so dyuerse that they must varye
For elde is grutchyng and malencolious
Al ful of yre and suspicious
And yongth entendeth to Joye & lustynes
To mirth and play and to al gladnes
Alas that euer hit shold falle
So swete sugre y coupled be to galle
These yonge folke cryeden oft fitt
And praid Venus her power to kytte
Upon this myschief and shap remedye
And right anone I herde othre crye
With sobbyng teres and pietous sorow
To fore the goddesse by lamentacion
That were constrayned in their yongthe
And in childhode as is ofte couthe
Y entrid were in to Religion
Or they had yeres of discrecion
That al her lif can not but compleyne
In Wyde Cowes perfection for to fynde
Ful couertly for to coueren thair smert
And shewe the contrary of thair hert
Thus saith I Bepe many a fair mayde

That on theye frendes at the Wyte they layde
And other next I sawe ther in grette rage
That they were married in theyr tender age
With oute freedom of fre election
Where loue hath selde domynacion
For loue at large and at liberte
Wolde frely chese and not with suche trette
And other sawe I ful ofte wepe and wepyng
That they in men fonde suche varyyng
To loue a season whyle that beaute flourith
And after by dysdayn so vngoodly sourith
On her that whylom he callyd his lady deere
That was to hym so playfant and entier
But lust with fairnes is so ouer goon
That in her herte trouthe abideth noon
And some also I sawe in teres reyne
And pietously on god and kynde pleyne
That euer they bold on ony creature
So moche beaute passing he mesure
Sette on a woman to geue occasion
A man to loue to his confusion
And namely there, where he shal haue no grace
For with a loken forth by as he doth pace

Ful ofte falleth thurgh castynge of an eye
A man is Bounded that he must neddis dye
That neuer perauiter after he shal her see
Why wil god? don so grete a cruelte
To ony man, or to his creature
To make hym so muche woo and dre
For her percas, Whom he shal in no wyse
Reioyse neuer, but so forth in Iurse
Lede his lif til that he be graue
For he ne durst of hir no mercy craue
And eke painter though he durst & wolde
He can not wite Where he hir fynd? sholde
I salde ther eke, and? therof had? I woulde
That som were hyndred? by couetyse & stougt?e
And? some also for their hastynes
And? other eke for their rechelesnes
But altherlast as I Walked? and? behelde
Beside pallas With her Cristal sheld
Tofore the statue of Venus set on height
Ther kneeled? a lady in my sight
To fore the goddesse, Whiche as the sonne
Passeth the sterres, and? eke the stormys donne
And? lucifer to Royde the nyghtes forolde

In clerenes passeth erly the morowe
And so as maye hath the souereynte
Of every moneth the faynes and beaute
And as the Rose in swetnes and odour
Surmounted flouris and fame of al bloode
Hath the pryse and as the ruby bright
Of al stones in beaute and in sight
As it is knowe hath the Regalpe
Right so this ladye with her goodly eye
And with the stremps of hir loke so bright
Surmounteth al thourgh beaute in my sight
That for to tel her grette femelnes
Her womanlyd her porte and her faynes
Hit was a meruayle how euer that nature
Colde in her werkis make a creature
So angelik so goodly on to see
So femynyn or passing of beaute
Whos sompys her brighter than golddire
Lyche phebus beames shynyn in his spyre
The goodlyd eke of her fresh face
So replenyshed of beaute and of grace
So wel emelbed by nature and depeynt
As Rose and lilyes to gyde were meynt

So egally by good proportion
That as me taught by myn inspection
I gan meruaylle how goddys Werk of kynde
Mighten of beaute suche a tresour fynde
To paven hir so passing excellence
For in gooddys faith thurgh hir hys presence
The temple Was enlumyned wrytoun
And forto speke of hir condicion
She Was the beste that might be on lyue
For ther Was none þ With hir might stryue
To speke of bounte or of gentilesse
Of womanhede or of lowlynesse
Of curtosie or of goodlikenesse
Of speche of chere or of semelikenesse
Of poore benygne or of dilaunce
The best taught and thereto of playsaunce
She Was the Welle eke of honeste
An Exampair and mirroure eke Was she
Of secretnes of trowth of feithfulnes
And to alle other lady and maistres
To helpe vertu who so list to lere
And so this lady right humble of chere
Kneeling I sawe clad in grene and whyte

To fore Venus goddess of al delyte
Embrowdyd al With stones and perre
So richely that Ioye it Was to see
With sondry colles on her garnement
For to ppeyne the trowth of her intent
To shewe fully that for her humbleste
And for her vertu and her stablenesse
That she Was wte of al Womanly playfance
Therefore her Word Without variance
Embrowdyd Was as men myght see
De meuly en meuly With stones of perre
This is to sayne that she Was so benygne
From better to better her hert wth resigne
And al her Wyll to Venus the goddess
Whan that her list her harmes to redresse
For as me thought somwhat by her chere
For to compleyne she had grete desire
For in her hand she held a litel bylle
For to declare the sume of al her Wyll
And to the goddess her quarel for to shewe
The effect of Whiche Was in Wordes felde

The coppe of the supplication.

O lady Venus moder of myght
That in this world hast the gouernance
And heres hye that halwteyn be by pryde
Enclpnest mekely to thyng obeyssance
Causer of Joye Relees of penance
And With thy strenges canst euery thing discern
Thurgh heuenly fyre of loue that is etern

O Blessful sterre persaunt and ful of light
Of beames gladsom deuoyder of derlines
Chief recomfort after the blak nyght
To wyde Woful heres out of theyr heuynes
Take now good hede lady and goddesse
So that my bille may your grage attayne
Redresse to fynde of that I me compleyne

For I am bounde to thing that I nolde
Freely to chese ther lack I liberte
And so I want of that myn herte wolde
The body is knyt though my thought be free
So that I muste of necessity
My heres lyst outwarde conturpe
Though we be oon the dede muste hurpe

My worship sauf I saylle election
Agayn al right both of god and kynde
Therto be knyt vnder subiection
For Whens for both ar out of mynde
My thought goth furth my body is behynde
For I am here, and yond my remembrance
Betwene two so hange I in balance

Sauoyde of Ioye, of woo I haue plente
What I desire, that may I not possede
For that I nolde is redy ay to me
And that I loue, for to sue I drede
To my desire contrary is my mede
And thus I stonde departed in twayne
Of Wyll and dede placed in a cheyne

For though I brenne with feruence & hete
Withyn myn herte I mote compleyne of colde
And by excessse though I swelte and swete
Me to compleyne god, wote I am not bolde
Vnto no wight, ner one word ynfolde
Of al my payne, alas the hard stounde
The hotter that I brenne, y colder is my wounde

For he that hath myn hert feythfully
And hool my loue in al honeste
Without chaunge al be hit secretly
I haue no space With hym for to be
O lady Venus consider now and see
Wnto theffate and compleynt of my bryll
Sith lyf and deth I put all in thy wyll

And tho me thought the goddess did inclyne
Mekely her hede and softly gan expresse
That in short tyme her torment shold fone
And hool of hym for whom al her distresse
Contynned had and al her heuynesse
She shold haue Joye and of her purgatorie
Be holpen sone and so lyue forth in glorie

And said daughter for thy sad trouthe
Thy faithful menyng and Innocence
That planted be With outen any flouthe
In your persone deuoyed of al offence
So han they atteyned to our audience
That With our grace ye shal be wel reluyed
I you helpe of al that hath you greuyed

And for that ye be euer of one entent
Without chaunge or mutabilyte
And in your paynes ben so patient
To take lowly your aduersyte
And that so longe thurgh the cruelte
Of olde saturne my fader vnfortunyd
Your woo shal now no lenger be contuned

And thinketh this with in a litil whyle
Hit shal a wage and ouer passen sone
For men by layfir passen many a myle
And ofte after a droppynge mone
The weder cleareth and whan y storme is done
The sonne shyneth in his spere bright
And ioye waketh whan woo is put to flight

Remembre eke how neuer yet no wight
Me cam to worship with out som debate
And folke reioyse also more of light
That they with derknes were waped & mate
No mans chance is allewey fortunate
Me no wight preyseth of sugre the swetnes
But they to fore haue tasted bitternes

11
Gressylde Was asayed atte full
That turned after to increase of Joye
Penelope gan eke for sorowes duile
For that her lord abode so long at troye
Also the torment ther coude noman atore
Of wyrgene flour of al Bretaigne
Thus ever Joye is fyn and ende of payne

And trusteth this for conclusion
The ende of sorow is Joye Royde of dede
For holly seyntes thurgh her passion
Haue helpe by their souerain mede
And plente gladly foloweth after nede
And so my daughter after your greuaunce
I you besote ye shal haue ful plessaunce

For ever of loue the maner and the gyse
Is for to hurte his seruant & to wounde
And whan he hath taught them his emptysse
He can in Joye make them to bounde
And sith that ye haue in my laas be bounde
With oute grachynge or rebellon
Ye muste of right haue consolacion

This to sayne dotheth neuer a deel
That ye shal haue ful possession
Of hym that ye now cherisse so weel
In honest maner With oute offencion
By cause I knowe youre entencion
Is truly sette in party and in all
To loue hym best and most in speciall

For he that ye haue chosen you to serue
Shal be to you such as ye desire
With oute chaunge fully til he sterue
So With my bronde I haue sette hym a fyre
And With my grace I shal hym so inspire
That he in herte shal be right at your Wyll
Wherso you liste to saue hym or to spylle

For vnto you I shal his herte so holde
With oute spotte of ony doblenesse
That he ne shal escape from the holde
Thaugh that hym self by vnstedfastnesse
I mene of aypide that shal hym so distresse
Vnto your honde With tharolde of golde
That he ne shal escapen thaugh he wolde

12
And sith ye list of pyte and of grace
In vertu only his poughte to cherisse
I shal by aspectes of my benigne face
Make hym tefewe every synne and vice
So that he shal haue no maner spice
In his corage to leue thinges newe
He shal to yoll so playn be found and trewe

And whan this goodly fair freshe of hue
Humble and benygne of trowth crop a rote
Concepued hadd holl Venus gan to rewe
On her prayer plainly to do hote
To chaunge her bitter attones in to sote
She fyl on knees of high deuotion
And in this wyse began her orison

Hyghest of hve quene and Emperice
Goddesse of loue of good yet the best
That thurgh your leaute Withoute vice
Whylom conquerd thappel atte fest
That Iupiter thurgh his hve request
To alle the goddes aboue celestyal
Made in his palais most Imperyal

To you my lady Upholder of my lyf
Mekely I thanke so as I may suffice
That ye list now With herte ententys
So graciously for me to deuyse
That Whyle I lyue With humble sacrifice
Upon your auters pour fest per by per
I shal offence casten in to the fyre

For of your grace I am ful reconsiled
From every trouble vnto ioye and ease
That sorowes alle be from me exiled
Sith ye my lady list now tappease
My paynes olde and fully my disease
Vnto gladnes so sodenly to torne
Hauyng no cause from hens forth to morne

For sithen ye so mekely liste to daunte
To my seruise hym that loueth me best
And of your hounte so graciously to graunte
That he ne shal barpe though hym leste
Wherof myn herte is fully brought to reste
For now and euer o lady myn benigne
That hert and Will I hooly to you resigne

13
Thankyng you With al my ful herte
That of your grace and Visitation
So humble liste hym to conuerte
Fully to be at my subiection
With oute chaunge or transmutation
Vnto his laste nobl laude and reuerence
Be to your name and excellence

This al and sum and chief of my request
And hool substance of my ful entente
You thankyng euer of your graunt & best
Both now and euer that ye me grace sent
To conquer hym that neuer shal repent
Me for to serue and humblye for to please
As fynal tresour of my hertes ease

And then anon Venus cast a doun
In to her lappe braunches Whyte and grene
Of hawthorn that werten enuyron
Aboute her hedy that ioye was to sene
And had her kepe hem honestly and clene
Whiche shold not fade ne neuer were olde
If she her bidding kepe as she hath tolde

And as these bowes be both fair and swete
Followe the effecte that they do specifye
This is to seyne both in cold and hete
Be ye of one hert and of one fantasye
As are these leues whiche may not dye
By no duresse of stormes that be here
Nomore in Wynter than in somer grene

Right so by ensample of Wels or Woo
For Joye torment or for aduersite
Whether so fortune fauoure or be foo
For pouert riches or prosperite
That ye your hert kepe in on degre
To loue hym best for no thing that ye fyne
Whom I haue bound so lowe vnder your cheyne

And with þe word the goddesse shoke her heed
And was in pees a spack as tho nomore
And therewith all ful fempnysh of drede
Me thought this lady sighen gan ful sore
And said agayn lady that maist restore
Bettes in Joye from theyr aduersite
To do your wil de mieulx en mieulx ma gree

14
Thus euer sleppynge drempynge as I laye
Withyn the temple me thought I saye
Grette prees of folk With murmur Wonderful
To croude and shoue the temple Was so ful
Euerich ful besy in his owne cause
That I no may shortly in a clause
Discriuen alle the rites and the guyse
And eke I Wante comynge to deuyse
How some that Were With bloody enenice & mylk
And some With flouris sote & softe as silk
And some With sparowes & doves Whyte
That for to offren gan hem delyste
Vnto the goddesse With sighe and prayer
Them to relese of that they most desire
That for the prees shortly to conclude
I Wente my Way for the multitude
Me for to refressh out of the prees allone
And by my self me thought as I gan gone
With in the estes and gan a Whyle tarre
I sawe a man that Walked al solitarie
That as me somed for heuynes and dole
Hym to compleyne that he Walked so sole
With oute espyng of ony ether Wight

And yf I shal discryuen hym a right
Yf that he had not ben in heurynes
Me thought he was to speke of semelines
Of shap of fourme, and also of stature
The most passing, that euer yet nature
Made in her werkes, and lyke to be a man
And ther with al as I reherce can
Of face and here the most gracypous
To be biloued, happy and elbrous
But as it semed outward by his here
That he complayned for lack of his desire
For by hym self as he walked vp and down
I herde hym make a lamentacion
And said alas, what thing may this be
That now am bonde that Whylom was fre
And wente at large at myn election
Now am I caught vnder subiection
For to become a veray homager
To god of loue, wher er I am here
Felt in myn herte nought of loues pyne
But now of newe, within hur fyr cheyne
I am embraced so that I may not sterve
To serue and loue whyle I am on lyue

The godly freshe in the temple ponder
 I salve right now, that I had wonder
 How ever god, for to rekeue all
 Might make a thing so celestiall
 So angelike on erthe to appere
 For With the streemes of her eyen clere
 I am wounded, euen to the hert
 That fro the deeth I may not astert
 And most I meruayle that so sodenly
 I was so polde to be at hur mercy
 Withoute more, I muste her lust obeye
 Whether that she liste me to lyue or deye
 And take mekely my sodenly auenture
 For sich my lif, my deeth, and eke my cure
 Is in her hand, it wil not auaylle
 To gruelde agayn, for of this bataylle
 The palme is hris, and plainly the victorie
 If I rebellid, honour none ne glorie
 I might not in any wyse achyue
 Sith I am polde, how shold I therme proue
 To renne a wey, I wote hit wil not be
 Though I be loos, at large I may not fle
 O god of loue how sharp is now thyne awbe

Holt mayst thou now so cruelly and so narrow
With oute cause hurte me and wounde
And takest none heed my sorowes to founde
But like a birde that fleeth at her desire
Tyl sodenly Withyn the panyere
She is caught though late she was at large
A newe tempest forecasteth now my barge
Now vp now down, With Wynd it is so blowe
So am I possed and almost ouerthrowe
For dyue in derknes of many sondry walke
Alas when shal this tempest ouerdrinke
To cleve the skyes of myn aduersite
The lode sterre when that I ne may see
Hit is so hid With cloudes that he blake
Alas when wyll this torment ouerslake
I can not wyte, for who is hurt of newe
And bledeth inward til he be pale of hue
And hath his wounde vnwarly fresh & grene
And hit is not couthe vnto the harmes here
Of myghty cuppe that can so hertes daunte
That no man may in his warre hym daunte
To gete a praye but only by mekenes
For ther ne hapeth stryf ne sturdynes

So may I sayne that With a loke am polde
And haue no power to stryue though I Wolde
Thus stonde I euer betwix lif and deth
To loue and serue Whyle I haue breath
In suche a place Where I dar not pleyne
Liche hym that is in torment and in payne
And knoweth not to Whom to discute
For ther that I haue holly set my aune
I dar not Wel for drede ne for daunger
And for vnkynowen tellen how the fyre
Of loues bronde is kyndlid in my breste
Thus am I mured and slayn atte leste
So priuely Withyn my thought
O lady Venus Whom I haue sought
So wyse me now What me is best to doo
That am distraught With my self so
That I ne wote What Way for to torne
Sauf by my self soley for to morne
Hangyng in balance betwix hope and drede
With oute comfort remedye or rede
For hope biddeth pursue and assaye
And agaynward drede answerth naye
And now With hope I am set a lofte

But deede and danger hard & nothing soft
Hath ouerthrowne my trust and put a down
Now at my large / now fettered in prison
Now in torment / now in souerayn glorie
Now in paradise and now in purgatorie
As man dispayred in a double were
Born vp with hope / and then anon danger
Me draweth a back / and saith it shal not be
For where as I of myne aduersite
Am bolde somwhyle mercy to requyre
Thence cometh dispaire & gynneth me to lere
A newe lesson to hope ful the contrary
They be so diuerse they wil do me harpe
And thus I stand dismayed in a traunce
For when that hope were likly me to auance
For drede I tremble & dar one word not speke
And yf hit so be / that I not out breke
To telle the harmes that greuen me so fore
But in my self increase them more and more
And to be slayn fully me delyte
When of my deth she is nothing to wyte
For but yf she my constreynt plainly knowe
How shold she euer / on my paynes rue

Thus oft tyme With hope I am meyned
To tel her all how I am greyned
And to be hardy on me for to take
To aye mercy, but drede doth me the he awake
And than wanhop answerth me agayn
That better Were than she haue disdain
To dye attones vnknothe of ony wight
And ther With all biddeth hope anon right
Me to be bold and prayen her of grace
And fith alle vertues be portreyd in her face
Hit Were not sittynge that ppte Were behynde
And right anon Withyn my self I fynde
A newe plet brought on me With drede
That me so maseth that I see no spede
Be cause he saith that stonpeth al my blood
I am so symple and she is so good
Thus hope & drede in me Wyl not see
To plete and stryue my harmys to entre
But at hardest yet or I be dede
Of my distresse fith I can no rede
But stande wim styl as ony stone
To fore the goddesse I wil me haste anon
And compleyne With oute more sermon

Though deeth be fyn and ful conclusion
Of my request, yet I wyl assaye
And right anon me thought I saye
This woful man as I haue memorye
Ful lowly entre in to an oratorie
And knelidown a down in ful humble wyse
To fore the goddesse and gan anon deuyse
His pitous quarel With a doleful chere
Sayng right this as ye shall here

• The compleynt of the man.

Redresse of sorow O Citherea
That With the stremps of thy playsaunt herte
Gladest the mounte of al Cirrea
Where thou hast chosen thy paleys and sete
Whos bright beames ben Westren and Wete
In the ryuer of Elycon the Welle
Haue now ppte of that I shal you telle

And not despayne ye of your benygnyte
My mortal woo O lady myn goddesse
Of grace and bounte & merciful pyte
Benygne to helpe and to redresse
And though so be I can not wel expresse
The greuous harmes that I fele in my herte
Haue neuer yet the lesse mercy of my smerte

This is to sayne O cler heuenes light
That next the sonne scyled han your spere
Sith ye me hurte With your dredful myght
By influence of your beames clere
And that I by your scrupse now so dere
As ye me brought in to this maladye
Be ye gracious and shape ye remedye

For in you hooly lieth help of al this woe
And knowe best my sorow and al my payne
For drede of deth, how I ne dar alas
To aske mercy ones, ne me compleyne
Now With your fyre her hert so constrayne
With oute more, or I deye atte leste
That she may witte What is my request

John M. [unclear]

Hov I no thyng in al this World desire
But for to serue fully to myn ende
That goodly fre she so Womanly of chere
Without chaunge Whyle I haue lyf & mynde
And that ye Wolde suche grace sende
Of my scrupse that she not disceyne
Sithen her to serue I may not me restrayne

And sith that hope me hath yaued hardynes
To loue her best and neuer to repente
Whyles that I lyue With al my besynes
To drede & serue, though daunger neuer assente
And here vpon ye knowe myn entente
How I haue solwed fully in myn mynde
To be her man, though I no mercy fynde

For in my hert empynted is so fore
Her shap her forme & al her semelynes
Her port her chere, her goodnes more & more
Her Womanhed and eke her gentiles
Her trowth, her faith and her kyndnes
With alle vertues eche set in her degre
There is no lack, saupng only of pyte

19
Her sad demeryng of Wyl not Variab^le
Of loke benygne, and rote of al plesance
And exemplaire to alle that Wyl be stable
Discrete prudent of Wisdom suffisance
Mirrour of Witte ground of gouernance
A Worlde of beaute compassed in her face
Whos persant loke doth thurgh my hert race

And ouer this Wonder secreete and true
A Wel of freedom and right bounteous
And euer encrepyng in vertu new & newe
Of speche goodly, and Wonder gracious
Deuoyd of pryde, to poure not despytous
And yf that I shortly shal not feyne
Saue vpon mercy I no thing compleyne

What Wonder thx me, though I be With drede
Inly supprised for to aken grace
Of her that is quene of Womanhede
For Wel I Wote in so high a place
Hit wil not be, therefore I ouer pace
And take lowly What wo I ordure
Til she of pyte me take to her cure

But one auowbe plainly here I make
That Whether so be, she do me lyue or deye
I wil not gruaue, but humbly hit take
And thank god and wil fully obeye
For by my trouthe my hert shal neuer reneye
For lyf ne deeth mercy ne daunger
Of wil and thought to be at her desire

To be as trelbe as euer Was antonyus
To cleopatre Whyle hym lasteth breath
Or vnto thesbe yong Piramus
That Was faithful found, til theym deydeth
Right so shal I til Antropos me steth
For Whyle or Woo her faithful man be found
Vnto my last, like as my hert is bound

To loue as wel as did Achilles
Vnto his laste the fair Polixene
Or as the grete famous Hercules
For dyanyre that felte the shott kene
Right so shal I saye right as I mene
Whyle that I lyue, her both drede and serue
For lack of mercy though she do me sterue

20
Now lady know to Whom nothing unknowne
Is in the world hid, ne nought may be
For ther nys thing netter hye ne lowe
May be conceyled from your pryuate
For Whom my menyng is not now secree
But wite fully that my entent is true
And like my trouthe now on my payne true

For more of grace than of presumption
I aske mercy, and no thing of dute
Of lowly humbles, with oute offencion
That ye enclyne of your benygnyte
Your audience vnto my humylite
To graunte me that to you I clepe & calle
Sunny day relees yet of my paynes alle

And sith ye haue the guerdon and the meede
Of alle louers plemly in your honde
Now of grace and pyte take ye hede
Of my distress, that am vnder your honde
So lowly bound, as ye wel vnderstonde
In that place where I toke first my wounde
Of pyte suffice ye my helth may be founde

C. iv.

That like as she me hurte With a sight
Right so With helth late me hur sustene
And as the streames of her epen bright
Whylom my hert With boundes sharp & kene
Thurgh persed haue and yet be fresh & grene
So as she me hurte, lete her me socoure
Or ellis certayn I may not long endure

For lack of speche I can say you no more
I haue mater but I can not pleyne
My Witte is dull to tel al my forre
A mouth I haue, And yet for al my peyn
For want of wordes I may not now atteyn
To tel half, that doth my hert greue
Mercy abydynge, til she me list releue

But this theffet of my mater fynal
With deth or mercy relees for to fynde
For hert body thought lyp lust and al
With al my reson and al my ful mynde
And spue Wittes of on assent I bynde
To her seruyse With oute ony stryfe
And make her pryncesse of my deth or lyp

And now I pray of wouth and the pyte
 O goodly planet / O lady Venus bright
 That ye pour sone of his deyte
 Cupide I mene that With his dreadful myght
 And With his brond that is so clere of light
 Her herte so to fyre and to marke
 As ye me Whylom bent With a sparke

That euensich and With the same fyre
 She may be hit / as I now brenne and melte
 So that her herte be flamed With desire
 That she may knowe by feruence hou I wil te
 For of pyte plainly yf she felte
 The self herte that doth myn hert embrace
 I hope of wouth she Will do me grace

And ther With al Venus as me thought
 Towardes this man ful benyngely
 Gan cast her eye / like as that she wought
 Of his disease / and said ful goodly
 Sith it is so / that thou so humbly
 With out grachyng our bestes liste obeye
 Toward thy help I wil anon pourueye

And eke my sone Cuppde that is so blynde
He shal be helppynge fully to performe
Your hool desire, that no thing be behynde
Me shal be left, so we shal reforme
This pietous cōpleynt, þ maketh the to morne
That she for Whom thou sorwest most in hert
Shal thurgh hur mercy relece al thy smert

Whan she seeth tyme, thurgh our purueaunce
Be not to hasty, but suffre al thing wele
For in abydynge, thurgh lowly okeyssaunce
Lyeth ful redres, of al that ye now fele
And she shal be as trewe as ony stele
To you allone, by our myght and grace
If ye list mekely abyde a lityl space

But vnderstande ye that al her cherishing
Shal be grounden vpon honeste
That no wight shal by ony compacyng
Demenampe of hur in no degre
For neyther mercy, wouth ner pyte
She shal not haue ne take of the non hede
Further than longeth vnto her womanhede

22
Be not astonied of no wilfulnes
Ne not despayred of this dissolucion
Late refon bridle lust by burumnes
Without grutchyng or rebellpon
For ioye shal folowe al this passion
For who can suffre torment and endure
Ne may not faylle, but folowe shal his cure

For to fore alle she shal the louen best
So shal I her Withoute offencion
By Influence inspire in her brest
In honest Wyse With ful entencion
For tenclyne by clene affection
Her hert fully on the to haue routh
Be cause I knowe that thou menest trouthe

Go now to hir Where as she stant a syde
With humble chere, and put the in her grace
And al befor lette hope be thy gyde
And though that drede Wold With the pace
Hit sitteth wel, but loke that thou amce
Out of thyn hert Wanhop and despeire
To her presence er thou haue repir

And mercy first shal thy way make
And honest mornyng afore do thy message
To make pyte in her herte awake
And secretnes to further thy viage
With humble porte to her that is so sage
Shal menes be, and I my self also
Shal the fortune, or thy tale be do

Go forth anon, and be right good of chere
For specheles nothing mayst thou spede
Be good of trust & be no thing in were
Sith I my self shal helpen in this neede
For atte lest of her goodly hede
She shal to the her audience encline
And loke the to her til thou thy tale fyne

For wel thou wost yf I shal not feyne
Without speche thou maist no mercy haue
For who that wil of his pryue payne
Fully be cured his lyf to helpe and saue
He must mekely out of his hert graue
Discure his wound, and shewe hit his leche
Or ellis deye for defaute of speche

23
For he that is in myschief reklees
To seche help I holde hym a Wreche
And she ne may thyn hert brynge in pees
But yf thy compleynt to hir hert streche
Woldest thou be cured? & wilt no salue feche
Hit wil not be for no Wight may atteyne
To come to blys yf he list lyue in peyne

Therefore attones go forth in humble Wyse
To fore thy lady and? lowly knele a doun
And in al trowth thy wordes so deuyse
That she on the haue compassion
For she that is of so hye renoun
In al vertues as queene and? souerayn
Of womankind? shal rue on thy payn

And? Whan the goddess this lesson had? told?
Aboute me so I gan behold?
Right so a stoned? stode in a traunce
To se the maner and? contenance
And? al the chere of this Woful man
That was of hue dedely pale and? wan
With drede surprisid? in his owne thought

Makynge there as though he wought nought
Of lyf ne deth ne what so hym betyde
So moche fere he had on euery side
To put hym forth to tel his payne
Vnto his lady other to compleyne
What woo he felt torment or disese
What dedely sorow his hert dide sese
For wuth of whiche his wo as I endite
My penne I fele quaken as I wryte
Of hym I had so grette compassion
For to reherce his weymentacion
That vmethe though I with my self stryue
I want comynge his paynes to discreue
Alas to whom shal I for help calle
Not to the muses for cause they ben alle
Help of right in Ioye and not in woo
And in matiers that they delite also
Wherefore they nyl as now directe my style
Nor me enspiren Alas the hardy whyle
I can no further but to the syphon
And to her suster to calle help spon
That be goddesses of torment and payne
Gode lette your teis in to myn Inke reyne

24
With Woful Wordes my paper for to brette
This Woful mater not to pynnt, but spotte
To tel the maner of this dredeful man
Upon his complaynt Whan he first began
To tel his lady Whan he gan declare
His hidy sorowis, and his cruel fare
That at his herte constreyned so sore
Theffect of Whiche Was this Withoute more

Prynceſſe of yowth & flour of gentileſſe
Enſample of vertu ground of curteſye
Of beaute rote quene and eke maiſtres
To alle Women how they ſhal hem gye
And ſothfaſt mirrour to exemplifie
The right Way of port and of Womanhode
What I ſhal ſaye, of mercy take ye hede
Beſeechynge firſt vnto your hye nobles
With qualynge hert of my Inward deede
Of grace and pyte & not of right wyſnes
Of ferrey mouthe to help in this nede
This is to ſay O Wel of goodly hede
That I ne relike though ye do me deye
So ye liſt firſt to heere What I ſeye

The dreadfull stroke the gret force and myght
Of goddys awpide that noman may rebelle
So inwardly thurgh out myn hert right
Vnperced hath that I ne may counceile
Myn hidn wound ne I ne may apele
Vnto no gretter / this mighty goddys so faste
You to serue hath me bound vnto my laste

That hert and all With out stryf ar yowde
For lyf or deth to your seruyse allone
Right as the goddesse myghty Venus wolde
To for her mekely Whan I made my mone
She me constrainded Withoute chaunge anone
To your seruyse and neuer for to fayne
Wherso ever ye list to do me ease or payne

So that I can no thing but mercy crie
Of you my lady / and chaunge for no nelbe
That ye list godely to fore er that I dye
Of verray routh vpon my paynes rue
For by my trowth / and ye my paynes knele
What is the cause of myne aduersite
On myn disese ye wolde haue pyte

For vnto you trewe and eke seere
 I wil be founde to serue as I best can
 And therewith al as lowly in eche degre
 To you be allone as euer yet Was man
 Vnto his lady from the tyme I began
 And shal so forth Withouten ony flout
 Whyles that I lyue, by god & by my trouthe

For leuer I had to deyen sodenly
 Than you offende in any maner wyse
 And suffre paynes inwardly priuely
 Than my scrupse as now ye shold dyspse
 For I right neught wil aye in no wyse
 But for your seruaunt ye wolde me accepte
 And whan I trespasse goodly me correcte

And for to graunte of mercy the prayer
 Only of grace and womanly pyte
 From day to day that I myght lere
 You for to please, and therewith al that ye
 Whan I do mys, list for to teche me
 In your scrupse hou that I may amende
 From henceforth and neuer you offende

For vnto me it doth ynowh suffyse
That for your may ye wolde me resseue
Fully to ben as you lyst deuyse
And as ferforth as my Wittes can conceyue
And therewith al liche as ye proue
That I be true, to guerdone me of grace
Or ellis to punyshe after my trespase

And yf so be that I may not atteyne
Vnto your mercy, yet graunte at the leste
In your seruyse for al my wo and payne
That I may deyen after my behest
This is al and som the fyn of my request
Outher With mercy your seruaunt to saue
Or mercyles that I may be begraue

And Whan this benygne of her entent true
Conceyued hath the compleynt of this may
Right as the fresh rody Rose newe
Of her colour to Wopen she began
Her blood astone so from her herte ran
In to her face of verray femynyte
Thurgh honest drede abasshed was she

25
And humbly she began her eyen caste
Towardes hym of hir benygnyte
So that no word by her lippes past
For hast nor drede mercy ne pyte
For so demeredy she was in honeste
That vnaduyfedy no thing fro her stert
So moche of reyon was compassedy in her hert

Til atte last of whiche she did abreydy
Whan she is trouthe and menyng did fele
And vnto hym ful goodly spack and seydy
Of your behest and your menyng wele
And your scrupse so faithful euerydele
Whiche vnto me so lowly now ye offre
With al my herte, I thanke you of your profre

That for so moche your entent is sette
Only in vertu y bridled vnder drede
Ye must of right nedis face the bet
Of your request, and the better spede
But as for me I may of womanhede
No further graunte to you in myn entente
Than as my lady Venus wil assente

For she wel knoweth I am not at my lerge
To doon right nought but by her ordynance
So am I drawnd vnder her dredeful charge
Her lyfte to blepe withoute variaunce
But for my parte so hit be pleasaunce
Vnto the goddesse for trowth in your emprise
I you accepte fully to my scrupse

For she my herte hath in subiection
Whiche hoolly is youres & neuer shal repente
In thought ner dede in myn election
Witnes on Venus that knoweth myn entent
Fully to lepe hir dome and Jgement
So as hir liste disposen and ordeyne
Right as she knoweth the trowth of vs twayne

For vnto the tyme that Venus list proude
To chape a way for our hertis ease
Both ye and I mekely must abyde
To take at gree and not of our disease
To grauche agayn til that she list tappease
Our hid Woo so Jyly that constreyneth
From day to day and our hertis peyneth

29
For in abiding of woo and al affraye
Who so can suffre is founden remedye
And for the beste ful ofte is made delaye
Et men be haled of their maladye
Wherefore as Venus list this mater to gye
Let vs agreeen and take al for the best
Til her liste sette bothe our hertes in rest

For she is that byndeth and can constreyn
Hertes in one this fortunate planete
And can relece louers of her peyn
To turne fully her bitter in to swete
Now blissful goddess down fro thy stery sete
As to fortune cast your streames shene
Lyke as ye knowe that we trouth mene

And therewith al as I myn eyen caste
For to perceyue the maner of these thynges
To fore the goddesse mekely as they paste
Me thought I saw with a gol dym cheyne
Venus anon embrace and constreyn
Her bothe hertes in one for to perseuere
Whilis that they lyue and neuer to disseuere

Seyng right thus With a knyghte here
Sith it is so ye be vnder my myght
My wil is thus that ye my doughter dere
Iful accepte this man as it is right
Vnto your grace anon here in my sight
That euer hath ben so lowly you to serue
Hit is good skil your thank that he deserue

Your honour sauf and eke your womanhede
Hym to cherisse hit sitteth you right wele
Sith he is founde vnder hope and drede
Almyd my cheyne that forged is of stele
Ye must of mercy shawe that he fele
In yowr sony grace of his long seruyse
And that in hast lik as I shal deuyse

This is to sayn that ye taken hede
How he to you most faithful is and true
Of al your seruantes / & nothynge for his mede
Of you ne asketh but ye on hym rue
For he wolbed hath to change for no newe
For lyf ne deth for ioye ne for payne
Al to be youris so as ye list ordeyne

28
Wherefore ye muste or els it Were Wrong
Onto your grace fully hym receyue
In my presence, by cause he hath so long
Hooly ben youris, as ye may conceyue
That from your mercy, yf ye hym Weyue
I Wyl my self recordey cruelte
In your persone, andy gret lack of pyte

Late hym for his trowth fynde than agayn
For longy serupse, guerdon hym With grace
Andy late ye pyte Wepe down his payn
For tyme is now daunger to arace
Out of your hert, andy mercy in to pice
Andy loue for loue Worldey Wel beseme
To yeue agayn andy this I plamly deme

Andy as for hym I Wil ben his sorowbe
Of solblyhede andy besy attendance
How he shal be bothe eue andy morowbe
Ful diligent to doon his obseruance
Andy euer abytyngy, you to do playfance
Wherefore my sone, listen andy take hede
Fully to heye, as I shal the rede

And first of all my Will is that thou be
Faithful in hert and constant as a Wal
True humble, meke and therwith al secre
With out change in partie or in all
And for no torment that the fallen shal
Tempest the not, but euer in stedfastnes
Kote thyn herte, and forde doublenes

And furthermore haue in reuerence
These Women al for thy lady sake
And suffre neuer that men hem do offence
For loue of one, but euermore vndertake
Hem to defende Whether they slepe or Wake
And ay be redy to holden them party
Apenst all tho that to hem haue enuye

Be curteis ay and lowly of thy speche
To riche and poure ay fressh & Wel beseyn
And euer besy wepes for to seche
Alle true louers to releeve of her peyn
Sith thou art one, & of no Wight haue disdeyn
For loue hath power hertes for to daunte
And neuer for cherishing, the to muche auauente

Be lusty eke boyd of all tristesse
 And take no thought but ever be iocound
 And not to pensif for none heynes
 And with thy gladnes lette sadnes ay be found
 Whan woo approched lette mirth most labound
 As manhod apid and though y fele smert
 Late not to many knowen of thy hert

And alle vertues besily thou sue
 Vices escheue for the loue of one
 And for no tales thy hert not remeue
 Word is but wynd that shal soon ouergoon
 What euer thou here be dumb as ony stoon
 And to answere to sone not the delyte
 For here she standeth that al this shal y quyte

And whether thou be absent or in presence
 None others beaute late in thy hert myne
 Sith I haue yue hir of beaute excellenice
 Aboue al other in vertu for to shyne
 And thynke hou in fyre men ar wont to fyne
 This pured gold to put hit in assaye
 So to the proue thou art put in delaye

But tyme shal come thou shalt for thy suffraunce
Be wel apaid and take for thy mede
Thy lyues ioye and al thy suffisance
So that good hope alway thy bridel lede
Lete no dispeir hyndre the With drede
But ay thy trust vpon her mercy grounde
Sith none but she may thy sorowe founde

Eche hour and tyme. Weke. day and yere
Be liche faithful and vray not for lyte
Abpde a while and than of thy desire
The tyme neygheth that shal the most delpte
And late no sorow in thy hert bpte
For no differring sith thou for thy mede
Shal reioyse in pres the flour of Womanhede

Thinke thou she is this Worldis some light
The sterre of beaute the flour eke of fairnes
Both day and nyte and eke the rubye bright
Hertes to glade y troubled With derknes
And thou I haue made her thyn hertes Emperesse
Be gladd therfore to be vnder her bond
Now come ner doughter & take him by the bond

Onto this syn that after alle these shouris
Of his torment he may be glad and light
Whan by your grace ye take hym to be youris
For evermore anon here in my sight
And eke I wil also as hit is right
Without more his langour for to lyste
In my presence anon that ye hym kysse

That ther may be of al your old smertis
A ful relees vnder ioye assured
And that one lok be of your both hertis
Set with my keye of gold so wel pure
Only in signe that ye haue reuered
Your hool desire here in this hooly place
Within my temple now in the yere of grace

Eternally be bounde of assurance
The knot is knyt that may not be vnbounde
That alle the goddes of this aliaunce
Saturne, Ioue, and Mars as it is founde
And eke Cuppe that first did you wounde
Shal here record and ouermore be breke
On whiche of yow his trowth first breke

So that by aspectes of their fair lokis
Withoute mercy shal fal the Rengrance
For to be raxed clene out of my lokis
On Whiche of you be found of Variance
Therefore attones setteth your plesance
Fully to ben Whyle ye haue lyf and mynde
Of one acorde vnto your lyues ende

That yf the spiryte of newfanglenes
In any wyse your hertes bold assaile
To meue or styre to brynge in doubles
Upon your trowth to gyuen a bataylle
Lette not your corage ne your force faylle
Nor none assautes you flitten or remeue
For snastayed no man may trowth preue

For Whyte is Whitter yf it be set by Black
And swete is swetter after bitternes
And falsshed euer is drue and put a lack
Where trowth is wted With out doubles
Without preue ther may be no sekernes
Of loue or hate and therfore of you tbo
Shal loue be more for hit was bought With Woo

And every thing is had more in deynce
 And more of pris whan it is dere bought
 And eke loue stondeth more in selbte
 Whan it is to fore With payne woo & thought
 Conqueror was first whan hit was fought
 And every conquest hath his excellence
 In his pursute as it fyndeth resistance

And so to you more softe and agreable
 Shal loue be founde I do you plainly assure
 Without grachynge that ye were suffrable
 So lobe so meke paciently to endure
 That al attones I shal do now my cure
 For now and ever your hertis so to bynde
 That nought but deth shal the knot vnbynde

Now in this mater what shold I lenger dwelle
 Come ye attones and do as I haue said
 And first my doughter that ar of hounte Welle
 In hert and thought be glad & wel a payd
 To done hym grace that shal & hath obeyd
 Your lustes ever and I wil for his sake
 Of trowth to you be bounde and vnder take

And so forth Within presence as they stand
To fore the goddes this fair and Wel
Her humble seruant toke goodly by the hond
As he to fore her mekely did knele
And kyssed hym after ful fillynge euerydele
From poynt to poynt in ful thyrstye Wyse
As ye to forny haue Venus herd deuyse

Thus is this man to ioye and al plesance
From heynes and from his peynes olde
Ful reconcyld and hath ful suffisance
Of her that euer ment Wel and Wold
That in good faith and I tel shold
The inbard mirthes did her hertes brace
For al my lyf to telle it Were to lityl space

For he hath Wonne hir that he loueth best
And she to grace hath take hym of pyte
And thus her hertes ben both set in rest
Withoute chaunge or mutabilite
And Venus hath of her benygnyte
Confermed al What shal I lenger tary
These twayne in one and neuer to vary

That for the ioye in the temple aboute
 Of this accorde by grette solempnyte
 Was laude and honour Within & Withoute
 Neue to Venus, and to the deyte
 Of godd Cupide, so that Caliope
 And al her fustren in her armonye
 Soon With songes the goddes did magnifye

And al attones With notes loud & sharp
 They did her honour and her reuerence
 And Orpheus among them With his harp
 Can strynges touche With his diligence
 And Amphion that hath suche excellencie
 Of musyke ay dyde his besynes
 To plesse and queme Venus the goddesse

Only for cause of the affynyte
 Betwix these two not lusty to disseuere
 And euery louer of lolbe and hye degre
 Can Venus pray fro thens forth and euere
 That fool of them the loue may pseuere
 Withouten ende in suche wyse as they gome
 And more increce that hit of hard was womme

And the goddess heyring this request
As she that knewe the clene entencion
Of bothe them theyne made a blyst
Perpetuelly by confirmacion
Whylis they lyue of one affection
They shal endure ther is no more to sayne
That neyther shal haue mater to complayne

So ferfurth euermore in our eternal see
The goddess haue in our presence
Fully deuysed thurgh their depte
And hooly concluded by her Influence
That by thair myght and Juste prudence
The loue of hem by grace and eke fortune
With oute chaunge shal euermore contune

Of Whiche graunt the temple enuiron
Thurgh hys comfort of them that Were present
Anon Was begun With a melodious solun
In name of tho that trowth in loue ment
A balade newe in ful good entent
To fore the goddess With notis longe and cleve
Synngng right this anon as ye shal here

x Fayrest of sterres that With your ysant light
 And With the cherysyng of your streames clere
 Causen in loue hertes to be light
 Only by shynnyng of your glad spere
 Now lalwe and pryce O Venus lady dere
 Be to your name that haue Without synne
 This man fortuneyd his lady for to Wymme

Will y planete O esperus so bright
 That Woful hertes can appese and sterc
 And euer ar redy by your grace & myght
 To helpe al tho that bye loue so dere
 And haue power to sette on fyre
 Honour to you of al that ben here Jme
 That haue this man his lady made to Wymme

x O mighty goddesse day sterre after nyght
 Gladynyng the morowe whan ye wy appere
 To wyde derknes by freshnes of your sight
 Only With shynnyng of your pleysant chere
 To you we thanke louers that ben here
 That ye this man and neuer for to Wymme
 Fortune haue his lady for to Wymme

And with the noyse an heuonly melodye
With that they made in her armonye
Thurgh out the temple for this mans sake
Out of my slepe anon I dyde awake
And for astonyed knele as tho no rede
For soden chaunge oppressed with drede
Me thought I was cast in a traunce
So clene a way was tho my remembrance
Of alle my dreame, wherof gret thought & do
I had in herte and nyght what was to doo
For heynes for that I had lost the sight
Of her that I al the longe nyght
Had dreamed of in myn aduision
Wherof I made grette lamentacion
Be cause I had neuer in my lyf before
Saw none so fair sith that I was born
For loue of Whom so as I can endyte
I purpose here to make and to wryte
A litel tretyse and processe make
In prync of Women only for her sake
Hem to comende as it is skyl and right
For her godenes with al my myght
Prayng to her that is so bounteous

So ful of vertu and so gracyous
 Of womanhede and mercysful pyte
 This symple trefse for to take in gre
 Til I haue leyzer vnto her hye renoun
 For to expound my forsaide visioun
 And tel in playn the signefyaunce
 As it cometh to my remembraunce
 So that her after my lady may hit loke
 Now go thy way thou litil rude boke
 To her presence as I the commande
 And first of all thou me recomande
 Vnto hir and to her excellence
 And pray to hir hit be non offence
 Of ony word in the be mysaide
 Beseeching her she be not awyl a payde
 For as her list I wil the este correcte
 Whan that her liketh agenward the directe
 I mene that benygne and goodly of face
 Now go thy way and put the in her grace

• Explicit the temple of glas •